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Monks House
Rodmell.

Saturday
May
25th

Dearest,

Business:

(1) We have sold Hyde Park Gate for £4925 — I hope you'll think this all right. Somebody or Harleys has been after it for some weeks. They suddenly agreed to give this, - which we had beat them up to; - & so we accepted. Leonard thinks we ought to get rather more from it the money invested than from the rent; - & we shall have no agents fees to pay, & that may Harley for collecting either. after the Bonfire

(2) I wish I'd a notice in the Nation & Brucie & Brucie et abroad among the mobs, who think Caruso next to Bloomsbury. I don't see why Bunny or Colefax or Hope, or someone of that ilk shouldn't take it.

(3) I shall try to seduce Angelica.

(2B) But wouldn't it be a good thing to advertise it in a French paper?

I drew Angus for a moment. He seemed to feel that the highest & greatest of Lauds had descended upon him; & so it has. But how you can be so splendidly generous, I can't conceive, to whom such company — not that he; not charming in every way — but such a damp flop, such

an empty suit of clothes — I get the feeling I used to have with Adrian, of
utter lack of incalculable, which plunges me into the mire often
November days. Still, as Virg, he has every virtue; & don't
please leave this on the studio table — but I see I began this
sentence "to whom such company" & so I must hastily finish it,
would be benevolent in the extreme. What astonishing food
hearts at Core for 1 Duncan have! I was vastly amused
by the Strachey panic; Carrington incited by Eddy to be
perhaps the most torturous, evil, & dishonest of all the people he
knows. And I used to think he lived as a hayfack!

We are in rather a turmoil about Rodmell. We
wanted a vast course down at the Halt, which wouldn't do
much matter; but now Alinson has bought our terrace, &
threatens to build. This was done by some hanky panky with the
agent behind our backs, & the owner, whose son was killed
last year, has a very high opinion of us because we wrote him
such a nice letter, is now much ashamed, — says he will
talk Alenson out of it. But I doubt it. So Leonard is
inclined to sell & go. But then I shall never see you again.
What do you advise? I see from advertisements we can get
the most ravishing old houses with gardens & orchards in
Dorset, Suffolk & Norfolk for a mere song. Would
you consider moving, for it do, I would willingly spend
more time in the country, London being almost
intolerable, what with Cabdrivers, &c: & we might
settle, if were not too near, in hours which would be
our own for ever, & the apples of our eye. Thejie
selling all Cashmere Ide, & Laughton, so I
can't help thinking Jacks is doomed. But give us your opinion.

I had a long rambling very indirect talk with Clive, who kept making allusions to my having told someone I saw too much of them, but wouldn't come to facts; & was rather apologetic; & ~~also~~ also affectionate. But he says he can't help these outbursts, which date back to old horrors in the past; & as I say also scarred & riddled with complexes about Ju & him, & being derided & insulted - sacrificed & betrayed, I don't see how we can hope for a plain straightforward relationship. In fact, having kissed each other passionately, we met two days later & quarrelled - or rather he sneered & I became sarcastic - about my seeing Hugh Walpole. But we don't wish to end the difficulties grow over us. But he told me he is much more settled & content; & talked of Mary as if she were under the earth forever. I have had no dealings with her, nor shall, unless she makes the move.

I am feeling extremely barren & dry without ju. Angelica with her a swift shower of rain; but not enough. What happens when ju leave me too long is that I go gadding wherever I'm asked & finally end in a rage of misery against my kind. I saw nothing but celebrities last week: Rebecca West at Wolds; Maurois & Arnold Bennett at Colefaxes, & had Rose Macaulay to dine alone. Rebecca was much the most interesting, though as hard as nails, very distrustful, & no beauty. She is a cross between a charwoman & a gipsy, but a tenacious as a terrier, with flashing eyes, very shabby, rather dirty nails, immense vitality, bad taste, suspicion of intellectuals, & great intelligence. She gave me the true history of ~~Isadora~~ Isadora Duncan's life - (I sent ju the bk. by the way, which is quite valuable, as the libraries are banning it) Rebecca has knocked about with all the mongrels of Europe. She talks openly of her son, who

has got consumption: they say she is a hardened liar, but I rather liked her. The Todd ménage is incredibly louche: Todd in strange bag trousers, Jean and in pearls & silk. both rather reddish & on their beam ends. Maurice was disappointing, but then Sibyl makes everyone stony & breaks up talk with a hammer — good, deserving, industrious, kind hearted woman as she is. Rose Macaulay was a great disappointment. Some bores have gone too far to be spared — she is one. If we had asked her before she was 30 — but she is now 45 — has lived with the ultra set of South Kensington Culture for 15 years; become a necessary lady novelist, & is rather jealous, pitiful, & uneasy about Bloomsbury; can talk of nothing but renew. Get being the daughter of a Cambridge don, knows she shouldn't & has her tail between her legs. The made me determined not to attend Angelica, whatever happens, to become a novelist. Ah the fame that awaits her is obviously the devil; I am not so mean as Jean, but am nicer than Rose Macaulay — also she is a shrivelled withered virgin: I never felt anyone so utterly devoid of the sexual parts. NYPL Raymond Jane one of his panties that night, & Leonard was drunk with Clive, I was alone with Rose; & as Raymond is really a male Colidax just out of the shell of course he insisted that Rose & I should come; which flung me into a tempe- why do these young men all run to vulgarity. Snobbery, shoddery, Toddery? However, Vita came in on her way to Raymonds, & I nobbled Rose off on her, & I saw them up Raymonds staircase, & heard him chopping the air like a woodpecker & ran off home. This was very brilliant on my part, as I picked out the soul of the party in a pen. Leonard says he'll never get through this letter. He says I am to say he will do anything he can about 37: Lubbock- rather difficult, without seeing the letter. But send him any bogeyes he want done. James told me he has his house from the same people, & they never trouble him; yet he sublets every floor. Our Square gardener says the Bedford extorts rent to tyrannise over everyone, even the old women who sell bapers: but if we stand up, they turn tail. Oh dear, how nice to see you again.

B.

HAMILL 2/10/68

June 29 1928

TELEGRAMS,
CASE MINSTEAD.

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HEWER'S ORCHARD,
MINSTEAD,
LYNDHURST,
HANTS.

Sunday

Er, our garage will
take your car.
Angelica very well &
almost as charming as — — —
we have the same sense of
making
staying with Janet.
Simplice - kids &
all the pets -
most charming, respond
promptly; & very glad to see you -
(I mean) shall be - but the
post goes &

Ideas

1928

Thursday June 7th

Dearest

Angelica is very well & happy. I've just been round & found her Grace & Grace eating strawberries for lunch. Angelica said I was to give you her love, & to say that she is happy & good & doesn't know of the likes Cannis or London best. When she arrived she was at first very distant with me, & Called Duncan Mr. Grant: however she suddenly flung her arms round me, although I was much touched. Her manners are so sempulously polite that I had great difficulty in discovering if she wanted to come to tea with me or not. At last, with many formalities it was arranged that she should spend the week end with Vanessa & come to tea here tomorrow. I rather think she may run in to Lloyd Coleman, but no doubt her manners will triumph again. She is looking very well, & has some mysterious joke she wants to play on Grace, & also we are all to go & lunch Clenher on the car — but that's a secret of yours apparently.

I am supposing that you have reached Paris safely. Now you will have the Frys, & a myriad things to do; & my letter will I know be stuffed into an old bag with a fork in it & thrust out at lunch & read half aloud. Ott mostly stabbed & unshakably dull. Life has been rather vocal: too many people, as usual, all in a bunch. Ottoline yesterday. She looks extremely well & though swaddled in bandages, & seemed in great spirits. Her car being became so many rusted friendships have been now repaired in moments of emotion. Lawrence has made it up. But his letters are wildly phallic & philosophical; & mad, & I don't

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Lee much bowtin renewing that. all sons are devils which attach us because we lower our selfishness, & women can only love in the imaginative sense, & Ottoline lived once in his, & so on — what damned but conceited nonsense that is: but it seems he is dying, & is I suppose a genius & so on. And Tom is in a great taking, with Vivien as mad as a hare, but not confined, & they give parties, where she suddenly accuses him of being in love with Ottoline [& me, but this Ott: threw in as a sop] & Tom drinks, & Vivien suddenly says when talk dies down "You're the bloodiest snob I ever knew" — so I have agreed to dine there. Clive is coming to tea today but he is so much engaged that I've not seen much of him. They say he is much greater & happier & scarcely talks of himself. Many is never seen or heard of. Lord: how glad I shall be to stop writing & forget instead. I don't think you can ever go away again. Sophia really misses Landor: I think I shall die of another 4 months absence. It's not only your kindness ≠ I mean: it's your discipline. I get more & more disillusioned & random: you say the wrong things — have let my hair grow & wear it in a kind of sponge bag. Quentin implores me to write to him: but sends no address: Julian says he has had no letters from you, me, or Clive (except 4 words) for weeks. He has written a play — but not a very good one. He says are we coming to see him?

When shall you be back? Is there any use in asking?

I'm frightfully envious of your antiquities, but had no time to buy anything in our dash. & have had actually help for my friends to buy a sofa, very expensive, but soft. Charles Sayer dined here last night, & Clive brought his Suzy, at their own request, for it wouldn't have been mine, amiable as the woman is; but I couldn't get her name right & called her sometimes Ferguson — sometimes Strachey. I have quarrelled with many people because of my bad manners; calling them wrong names, by mistake

Do you mind take me to your arms & cover me with kisses.

V.

NYPL

HAMILL 2/10/68

Sunday

Sept 3 1905

Perhaps you would like some account of our conver sation, last night, which I will give you in a very hurried way, as I am waiting to join my mother in law; but cannot write any thing else.

First we discussed the enormous size of Julian.

" It is many years since I have seen your sister. I did not remember that she was a very tall woman. Perhaps Mr bell is very tall?" V. no "Mr Bell is not very tall." " Then perhaps the men in your family are very tall? " Some of them are;" but the women in my mothers family are not very tall."

Mrs W. You are very tall. V. I am not taller than my sister. Mrs. W. It is many years since I have seen your sister. Is her little girl very tall? V. No; she is very small. Leonard. I should say she is very big.

Mrs W. Sometimes children take after one parent; sometimes they take after another. This is such pretty country. It has been a wonderful summer. I sit out on my balcony all day long. At first they put my in a room without a balcony. In fact it was not at all a nice room. It wa over the kitchen. I heard the servants going to bed at night. Then I heard them getting up in the morning. So I went to the proprietor--but of course he is not the same man that was there five years ago. He was a very nice man. Indeed Flora tells me people came from all over the world to stay there on account of his cooking. But he married a clever woman with a little money of her own. So they bought a little place in Somerset. They keep chickens I believe. She was the very woman to make a thing like that succeed. And what do you think they gave for

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the house? I made enquiries because I sometimes feel so tired of hotel life that I think I will buy a little ~~hou~~ house in the country of my own. Then I could have my furniture from the warehouse. I have had my furniture stored in a warehouse for fifteen years now. I have one lot stored at Paddington, and another at Staines. What do you think I spend every year on having my furni ture stored? Leonard. Fifty pounds. V. A hundred. Mrs W. No. It comes to thirty two pounds every year. So I have now spent --how much have I spent now Leonard, on having the furniture stored. Leonard. Well over five hundred pounds. Mrs W. I daresay it is not worth more th one hundred at most. It is what we bought when we fisrt married. We gave fifteen hundred pounds for that furniture. It was the very best we could buy. We bought it at Gillows. We had a mahogany sideboard, inlaid. We had a chandelier; but it was the trouble of my life, that chandelier, for every part had to be unscr ewed to clean it. V. But pro ably you could get at least five hundred if you sold your furntdre to morrow. Mrs W. No Virginia, I should get nothing. And then I have sentiment. It was made by Gillows. It is not old ~~furnr~~ furniture. It is very shabby too. My dear husband bought it when we first married. I should not like to part with it now. I have sentiment when perhaps it would be better not to have sentiment....But I have also a complete set of the songs of Schubert. When I married my first husband we went for our marriage tour in germany. My brother in law--that is my first husbands bratehr, no relations of Leonard of course, said he would give me what I liked to

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ask for my wedding present. So I said I would like the songs of Schubert. I used to sing in those days. But when one has a family, one soon gives it up; so I put the books away and then the other day Sylvia said to me how she would like to sing the songs of S chubert so I went to the warehouse and I had them taken out--and what do you think it cost me to have the furniture unstacked? V. Fiften shillings. Leonard. One pound. Mrs W. No. it cost me six pounds --merely to have the furniture unstacked. So I said to the man, "But the things are not worth more than thirty five shillings." And he said "Madam it would be the same if they were worth five hundred pounds." [We played the gramophone] "What is that? Leonard. Sheherazade. Mrs W. No. I have never heard of him. It is too sad. When one has had a lot of trouble in ones life one does not like sad music. Yet I have been very lucky in small things, Virginia, and very unlucky in big things. Did I tell you about my purse on the tram at Folkestone? No? I was staying with Charlotte. We make it a rule when we stay away together that one pays one day and the other the next day. So when we went on the tram I said it was my turn to pay and I took out my purse and I paid what ever the sum was--perhaps it was twopence ~~or~~ perhaps Mrs W threepence --it does not matter. But now you know when one is staying in a hotel one does not ~~xxxx~~ know what to do--whether to leave ones money in ones room, or to take it with one. Well I had fourteen pounds in my purse; and I thought as I did not know the people at the hotel--they have changed since I was there last, which was twentyfive

111 d

years ago--I would take my money with me. We went into a shop to have tea and behold! my purse was gone.' Charlotte said I must have left it in the hotel. I said I knew I had it when I paid the tram. But I would not make a fuss, in order not to upset her. Still I thought how dreadful--it was fourteen pounds--a very large sum. But I said nothing so as not to upset Charlotte--she is always so kind--~~quite~~ quiet, but very kind. So we had our tea, and I said nothing; but after tea we walked about; and then we went to get on a tram; and what do you think? It was the same tram we had come on. And we went on top. And we sat where we had sat. And Charlotte took her umbrella. And Charlotte poked under a piece of wood. And Charlotte said I think I feel something under this piece of wood. And it was the purse! Now what do you think of that ? There was my fourteen pounds."

We played the gramophone for some time now; and su suddenly in the middle of a song by Schubert, Mrs W. said Do you see that cat? ~~V. Where is there a cat? Mrs W.~~ ~~In the fire.~~ It is a lovely black kitten with white paws. In the fire I do not know how it is, but I am always seeing faces. I see faces everyhwere. V. That ~~only~~ proves that you ought to write poetry. Mrs W. My dear Virginia, I could not dream of doing such a thing. ~~Alas~~--If I were as clever as you are, I would love to write. I would love to write the beautiful things that have happened to me in my life; but not the sad ones; and I have had many sad ones.

But one person has one gift; another another. And my gift ~~has been doing things doemestically.~~

bringing up my children. V. Well you have brought up eight. Mrs W. I have brought up ten. And they are all good men and women. They have all good characters. Len is a splendid man. He should have gone to the Bar. He has such a clear brain in so many directions. His father thought the world of Len. Have you read Radclyffe Hall's ~~Hllas~~ book? I have got it from Harrods. She was a freind of Bellas. They went to Mrs Coles school together and and she used to come to our house sometimes--a regular society girl. Bella never liked her; but Bella did not dislike her. And now she has written this book. Of course I cannot say all that I would like to say if we were alone together. I may be foolish, but I cannot speak to you and Len as if Len were not there. But I wouldbxxx like very much to talk to you alone about it." (After some enoucrangement however she went on) "It is a dreadful pity I think that such a book should have been publisehd. I do not mean for the ordnary reasons. W hat I mean is there are many u nmarried women living alone. And now it is very hard on them that such a book should have been written. That is what I think. And you may think me very foolish--I am seventy six--but until I read this book I did not know that such things went on at all.

I do not think they do . I have never heard of such things. When I was at ~~eh~~ school there was nothing like that. I was at a boarding school for two years and I never heard of such a thing. Once a girl was dispelled; but I never knew what she was dispelled

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for. It may have been for something unpleasant; but it may have been for nothing of the kind. And when I married my first husband--he was such a charming man, a Dutchman,— I assure you I knew no more about marriage than Flo's baby does. So it shows that we did not do such things at my boadring school. Leonard. We ~~did~~ did at my boadring school. It was the most corrupt place I have ever been in And you let me go there when I was twelve without knowing a thing. Mrs W. But I had given you good principles, Len, Len. You had given me no principles at all. Mrs W. Oh Len how can you say that, when you know what a splendid man your father was! And when your father died I said to myself that though I could not be to you what he was, I would do my utmost to bring you up good men and women; and sometimes, do you know Virginia, I would take a large basket of their socks to bed with me so that I might start mending them directly I woke in the morning. But I said that I did not mind any sacrifice to bring them up as their father would have wished. He was such a splendid man. But I think much of Miss Radclyffe Halls book is very beautiful. There is the old horse--that is wonderful— when she has to shoot the old horse after every vet. has been to see it; but it has grown to be so old they can do nothing. It is too old for them to do anything. And so she shoots the horse herself. That is beautiful. And William is a splendid character. He is the old groom. All that about the old horse and the old groom is very beautiful. But the rest of the book I did not care for. Still of courseshe is wonderfully clver; and I daresay

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there are not two people in the hotel at Bexhill who have ever heard of her. Of course when Mr Sturgeon bought his house at Bexhill it was not the same neighbourhood as it is now. His house was built by a Frenchwoman. In an old house like this you have so many cupboards. Do you use citronella oil for wasps stings? Some poeple dislike the smell. I hear there was a poor woman here who died of a wasp sting. And did I tell you the dreadful fright Babs had when the girl put the burning log back in the basket and the chair was burnt to ashes underneath the childrens nursery? And then you know they went to Somerset in the caravan: and the nurse-she came from Bexhill-- ~~xxxx

Saulieu — Tour du Sault de Tavannes

CARTE POSTALE

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115

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Angleterre.

IMP.-PHOT. A. TRIBIAT ET B. BARTIAD, TOULOUSE

We are just having for breakfast, after Eating the most perfect dinners & seeing a great circus with lions but no tame. We shall dine at Auffegard on Sunday, I hope

HAMILL 2/10/94

NYPL